

1840

# Who Has Not Marked When The Sun Was High

William Michael Rooke

John Thomas Haines

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic>

---

## Recommended Citation

Rooke, William Michael and Haines, John Thomas, "Who Has Not Marked When The Sun Was High" (1840). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. Paper 81.

<http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/81>

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact [bpancier@conncoll.edu](mailto:bpancier@conncoll.edu).

The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

207  
WHO HAS NOT MARKED WHEN THE SUN WAS HIGH.

*with the Recitative*  
THE ICE CLAD ALP.

*as sung by*  
Mr. Wilson.

in the Grand Opera

A M I L I E,

OR

THE LOVE TEST.

The Words by J. T. Haines.

Music by

W. M. R O O K E.

75.<sup>cts</sup>

New York, Firth & Hall, 1, Franklin Square.

Where may be had fr the above Op... My boyhoods Home Pr. 50<sup>cts</sup>. What is the Spell..... Pr. 50<sup>cts</sup>.

Under the Tree..... Pr. 50<sup>cts</sup> Rest Spirit Rest 50<sup>cts</sup>. To the Vine Feast ..... 75

O I remember 50<sup>cts</sup>. When the morning 75<sup>cts</sup>. Time thou cheat 50<sup>cts</sup>. Yes methinks 75. O love thou'rt near me 50







3

THE ICE CLAD ALP.

JOSE.  $\text{♩} = 100.$

PIANO

FORTE.

Allegro.

*ff*

*ff*

RECIT:

The Ice clad Alp no hun.....ter's heart ap-

tempo.

-pals, while he in mem'ry hears love's cheering voice.

*f* tempo.

Recit:

*f*



4

Behold the Chasm! behold the Chasm! deep, deep the aw-ful gulph!

death howls be-low, death howls be-low; he fears not,

*p* Tremolo.

he fears not, he fears not, while love smiles, while love smiles, he

*p dolce*  
*a tempo poco piu lento.*

fears not, while love smiles, while love smiles, he fears not.

*f* rall:  
*8va*



WHO HAS NOT MARK'D.

$\text{♩} = 80 \frac{1}{2}$   
ANDANTE.  
*p*

Who has not mark'd, when the sun was high, The hun-ter lin-ger the

lone cot by, With his rifle in hand, and his bu-gle slung, As if to that cottage his

Who has not mark'd. 10.



6

hearts hope clung As if to that cottage his heart's hope clung his heart's . . . . . hope

dim: *p*

clung . . . . . There he but waits for his young love's smile The dangers and toils of the

chase to be guile, There . . . he but waits for his young love's smile The

dan . . . . . gers and toils . . . . . of the chase of the chase to be . . . guile.

ritard:



7

Who has not mark'd, when the sun was high, The hun...ter lin-ger the

*p*

lone cot by, With his ri-fle in hand, and his bu...gle slung, As

if to that cot-tage his heart's hope clung, As if to that cot-tage, as

*cres:*  
if to that cottage his heart's..... hope clung.....

Who has not mark'd. 10.



8

Who has not mark'd the lat-tice part, And a smile beam forth from the hun-ter's heart, When his

arm grown strong bore his ri-fle high, As he gaz'd on her laughing and sparkling eye, As he

*cres:*

gaz'd on her laughing and sparkling eye, Loud his bu-gle rends the air . . . . . From

\*

rock to rock he's bound-ing, His leap with the Chamo-is may compare, Tho'

\* This passage may be omitted.

Who has not mark'd, 10.



death his steps sur-rounding, Tho' death his steps sur-rounding... Bold...

... is his heart for he knows her truth, Strong... are his limbs with the

hopes of youth, For the smile from her glow-ing face a-bove Told a

tale... a tale... of love re- turn'd for love.

*p ritard:*



10

*p* tempo.

Who has not mark'd, when the sun was high, The hun-ter lin-ger the

lone cot by, With his rifle in hand, and his bu-gle slung, As if to that cottage his

heart's hope clung, As if to that cot-tage, as if to that cot-tage his

heart's . . . . . hope clung . . . . . Then a-rouse thee, brave Jager, and a-

Who has not mark'd. 10.



way to the hills! a... rouse! a... rouse! a... rouse! a - rouse! and a -

way... A way, a way, a... way, to the hills! a -

way, a way, a way, a way, to the hills!

*piu mosso.*

Who has not mark'd. 10.



